

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VI. No. 33

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MAY 14, 1916

Mother.

Hundreds of stars in the silent sky,
Hundreds of shells on the shore to-
gether,
Hundreds of birds that go singing by,
Hundreds of bees in sunny weather,
Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the
dawn,
Hundreds of lambs in the purple clover,
Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn,
But only one mother the wide world
over.

Fully and Sweetly.

BY L. D. STEARNS.

LEDA GREY swung her bag slowly from side to side. Her cheeks were slightly redder than usual; her chin was tilted at a decidedly sharp angle. By her side Nelly Lee walked dejectedly. Neither spoke.

Just before they reached the schoolyard Nelly turned a rather pale face toward her companion. "I think, Leda," she began; but Leda flounced angrily forward, gave the gate a push, and let it slam backward before Nelly could step inside. Then she marched jerkily up the walk.

Outside the gate Nelly stood quite still, the color coming and going in her cheeks, her eyes dimmed by a misty blur.

They had been chums from first grade up, with never a quarrel, until now—half-way through High School—had come what appeared to be a very serious one.

Opening the gate, Nelly followed slowly up the walk, and mounted the broad stone steps. John Dean nodded. "Don't you care a fig," said he. "Every one's wondered how you two got on together so long. I expect, for once, her highness found she couldn't boss, eh?"

"Oh," replied Nelly, with sturdy loyalty to her friend, "'t isn't anything. Leda's all right."

When intermission came, she crossed to Jessy Wentworth—the new girl—and stood chatting brightly.

A moment Leda stood watching; then, with an extra tilt of her pretty head and an extra stab of jealousy at her heart,—which last, however, she kept securely hidden,—she turned to Margery Strong. "Whatever Nell sees in that Wentworth girl to admire," said she, "I'm sure I don't know. Goodness knows she's no style. I told her this morning we'd best not get too chummy with her. But, since Nell's been so taken up with church, she's just impossible. You can't do anything with her!"

"She doesn't dress very well," Margery agreed, smoothing her own new lawn. "And she's awfully quiet. Doesn't have a thing to say."



From painting by Sichel.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

"I know." Leda frowned. With the tip of her dainty boot she tapped the floor impatiently. She wasn't used to being crossed, and, in the sudden tumult of surprise, jealousy, and wounded pride, she seemed scarcely to have heard the other. "I know," she repeated once more, and, turning, marched belligerently back to her seat.

When the day's session was ended, she hurried down the walk, pretending not to see the pleading glance of Nelly's blue eyes as she joined a couple of the other girls who were leaving the yard.

With swelling heart her chum watched her. Her eyes, suddenly grown wet, and her expressive mouth, which in spite of all she could do would tremble, spoke volumes.

One of the girls slipped a hand through her arm. "Don't you fret, honey," said she. "The rest of us discovered, long ago, that the only way to get along with Leda Grey was never to cross her. Let her go! She thinks, because her father has a mint o' money and she a pretty face into the bargain, it gives her a right to rule everybody. I'm glad you've found courage for a mind of your own, at last."

Again, with stanch loyalty, came the answer, "Leda's all right, and—I love her, you know."

Her companion shrugged. "I guess," said she, "you're the only one. I'm sure I can't see why."

Nelly's plain little face seemed suddenly very beautiful. "Because I do," she answered simply.

"Well," countered the other, "you'll have to give in, or she'll never be friends again."

"Oh, yes,"—bright, luminous eyes flashed their certainty,—"she will. Because, you see, I'm going to keep right on loving her until she can't help it!"

But, alone in her own room, she threw herself across the bed sobbing brokenly. "Oh," she whispered, "she'll never—never forgive me! I don't know what I'll do!"

Then, bit by bit, she became quiet. The words of her pastor, spoken in grave earnestness the night before, sounded in her ears,—
"Life is a precious gift that God has given to man. See that you live it fully—sweetly. Think for yourselves. Listen to your own soul."

Rising, she bathed her eyes and smoothed

her rumpled hair. "And," declared she slowly, scrubbing her cheeks until they glowed, "I've got to think for myself, now I've begun. No matter how much I love her, I've got to listen to my soul, now." And, with a smile that was very sweet, though a little tremulous, she dropped for a moment to her knees, facing the western sky, which was a blaze of glory.

Then she went down to tea, washed the dishes and announced casually: "I told Jessie Wentworth I'd call for her to-night, if you don't care. The class is going over to climb Long Hill for exercise. She's new, you know; and the girls are a little standoffish because she doesn't dress very well. I guess she feels a little strange."

"I suppose," her mother remarked absently, "Leda's going along, too."

"I don't believe," flushing to the very roots of her hair, "Leda'll go."

Mrs. Lee turned astonished eyes in her daughter's direction. "Thank heaven," she exclaimed emphatically, "that you can walk alone. I've grown so used to see you come and go, do this or that, according to her whim, that I'd really forgotten you could go out by yourself."

She reached for her work, that had fallen to the floor. "Had any trouble?" she wondered.

The flush on Nelly's face deepened. She couldn't say no; she wouldn't say yes. So, for a moment, she hesitated, painfully embarrassed.

A little smile, quickly repressed, touched the mother's lips. "Never mind, daughter," said she. "I understand. Don't you go fretting. I always knew, if you ever found it necessary to have a mind of your own, there would be a break."

Picking up her hat, Nelly set it on her head, pushing the pin absently this way and that. She swallowed once or twice before she answered. Then, "'Tisn't anything," she announced earnestly. "I love Leda's well as ever. She's all right." Abruptly she crossed to her mother's side. "Mother," she begged, "you've always taught me that love would hold love, if you just kept it loyal and true. Say it is so. Please say it is so!"

Mrs. Lee bit her thread—turned her work and surveyed it critically. Then she spoke. "Yes," she said slowly, "I believe it is so, daughter. In the end, love and loyalty win the day. But they may be some time winning, my child. I'm glad, myself, the break has come; for I don't want to see my daughter a copy of anybody else."

"She isn't going to be any longer, mother." The girl's voice was low. "She's going to be herself and think for herself. But she's going to keep right on loving Leda, just the same." Bending, she left a gentle kiss on her mother's cheek and went out into the frosty air.

When she reached the little cottage where the Wentworths lived, Jessie opened the door. "I'm sorry," she announced at once. "I can't go. Mother's sick."

Nelly stepped inside.

Mrs. Wentworth, eyes heavy and cheeks unnaturally red, was at the ironing board, finishing a shirt-waist. She tried to smile. "I've been trying to make her go," she said wearily. "I'll get on somehow. I do want Jessie to get acquainted. It's been lonely for the girl."

Jessie shook her head. "Why," she declared, "I couldn't go! You'd haunt me, Mother!" She turned to Nelly. "She's

got a wretched headache," she explained, "and Mrs. Miller's clothes must be finished to-night. I can do the rest, now that waist's out of the way. Mother's got to go to bed."

A moment Nelly stood irresolute, glancing from the flushed cheeks of the mother to the brave smile of the daughter. She took in, absently, the shining cheerfulness of the plain little room; and, ringing through it, she seemed to hear the careless laugh of Leda. Then, clear and sweet, came the memory of those other words: "See that you live it fully—sweetly. Think for yourselves. Listen to your own soul."

With a quick motion she unfastened her coat and tossed it to a chair. Her hat followed. "I can iron beautifully," she announced, "even to shirt-waists. Mother taught me. She says there's as much credit in doing a good ironing as painting a picture of the moon. I'll help."

"But"—

There was a knock on the outer door, and, stepping forward, Jessie threw it wide. Leda, in all the glory of a new spring coat, stood there. "I called for Nelly," said she. "Mrs. Lee told me"—

Her face a blaze of light, Nelly sprang forward and drew her inside. "I'm not going, dear," she said brightly, and the clear, steady glow in her eyes was something Leda had never seen there before. "Mrs. Wentworth is sick, and Mrs. Miller's ironing has to be finished to-night. Jessie and I are going to do it together."

With clear, unfaltering gaze the eyes of the two girls met. In Nelly's was no sign of yielding, but back of the resolute light was a pleading love; and after a moment Leda, with a laugh that sounded strangely like a sob, began to unfasten her coat. "What's the trouble with my taking a hand between times?" she asked, tossing her coat to a chair. "If we three girls are going to be chums, I don't know of any better time to begin." Then,—with the old, imperious lifting of the head,—"I guess, Nelly Lee, you can find room in your heart for two girls. Anyhow, you'll have to. For Jessie 'n' I are both going to squeeze in."

Mother's Day Exercise.

BY ANNA BURNHAM BRYANT.

(Arranged for Six Little Girls and Their Teacher.)

THE SWEETEST NAME.

This simple exercise requires the erection of a small arch of pasteboard, supported by two standards. It should be light and easily moved, and low enough to be within reach of the arms of the children as they stand on tip-toe to place the letters. A pretty effect is secured by covering the arch with blue paper to receive the gold letters, and outlining the whole with white carnations, which may be of paper, if the real flowers are not obtainable. Two laths, wound with white paper and paper flowers, will make the standards.

Six small girls come to platform and talk naturally together.

FIRST GIRL:

"Oh, what do you think is the sweetest name? I like Mary, because it's mother's."

SECOND GIRL:

"Well, my reason is just the same—'Olive' is nicer than all the others!"

THIRD GIRL:

"Teresa's lovely!"

FOURTH GIRL:

"Harriet's fine!"

FIFTH GIRL:

"Edith's my choice!"

SIXTH GIRL:

"Rose is mine!"

(Teacher steps forward, smilingly.)

"Well, girls, I've thought of the nicest way To settle it right here on Mother's Day!"

(Moves arch to front of stage, then gives each girl a large gold letter,—the initial letter of her mother's name.)

"Each letter stands for a name, you know: You must pin it over your heart—just so!"

(Shows them.)

(Steps over to arch and points to a space on the blue background.)

"Then, because it is Mother's Day, right here Pin up the name that you hold most dear."

FIRST GIRL:

"Well, I'm the first,—it's the letter M;

I think Mary's the sweetest name— You may have all the rest of them!" *(Nodding brightly.)*

SECOND GIRL:

"'Olive's' the prettiest, just the same!"

THIRD GIRL:

"No! 'Teresa!' If you all knew How lovely she is, you'd say so, too."

FOURTH GIRL:

"My letter stands for the prettiest yet! Father loves it, and so do I;"

TEACHER:

"Pin up an H, then, for 'Harriet.'"

FIFTH GIRL:

"E is for 'Edith'—you know why!"

TEACHER:

"And the letter R for 'Rose'? Well, well! Just look and see what you're trying to spell!"

(Girls all spell out the gold-lettered name on the blue arch.)

"M O T H E R!"

They link hands and say together:

"'MOTHER!' Well, that holds them every one—

Yours and mine, and the whole world's too! All the best names under the sun

Are written there in the arch of blue; They all spell one word, just the same, For 'MOTHER' is always the sweetest name!"

How the Cowslips Came.

WHEN springtime came laughing up into the land,

With green leaves in her hair and bright buds in her hand,

When the robins were singing, "She's come! she's come!"

And the bullfrog was beating his big bass-drum,

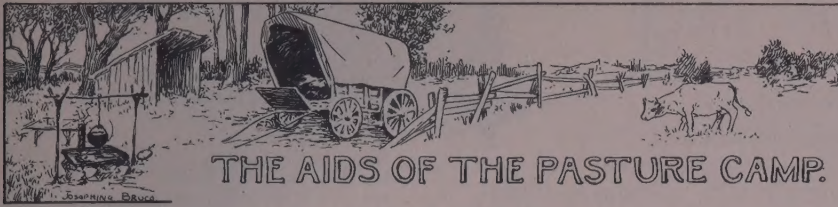
Then little Maid Millicent thought she'd go down

To see if the cowslips had come up to town. So over the fields to the brook's mossy brink

She stole away softly, and what do you think? With their laps piled as high as ever they'd

hold, There sat the whole family counting their gold!

MARTHA BURR BANKS.



THE AIDS OF THE PASTURE CAMP.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.

In Four Chapters. Chapter II.

THEY took everything out of the cart and put the whole load in a heap on the ground. Then they sent old Maggie home around the hill and looked about to see what to do first.

"There's a bedroom for you girls," announced Ned, pointing to the empty cart, which was an old market wagon with a top to it. "And here are curtains and a roll of old mosquito netting to screen it in. Bun and I are going to build us a shack before night, but we'll make the stove first."

This sounded puzzling to the girls, but Ned had seen outdoor stoves before and knew exactly what he was about. He and Bun built up a box-like structure of some loose stones which were lying about. They left it open at the front and provided a cover by laying over it the top of an old stove which Ned had found behind the barn. There were four covers in the stove top, and a piece of pipe set straight up in the air did duty for a chimney.

"I promised Grandfather Reed I wouldn't build a fire anywhere but in this stove," said Ned. "So he hasn't got to worry about our setting the pine grove afire."

Bun had got tired of carrying stones and gone off in pursuit of a young bird which was not able to fly very well, though it was fluttering about by itself in the blueberry bushes.

"It won't hurt him a bit if I pick him up in my hands," argued Bun. "I could carry him over to show Max and he would tell what kind of a bird it was."

"Don't bother Max—remember our motto," sang Ned. "But you won't catch that fellow so easy as you think, young one. And look out how you go tumbling down that bank, because the swamp is at the bottom."

The camping-place was on high land, but this bank sloped off all along the west side of the level plain where they were. There were several springs of water under the bank, which flowed down into the swamp and made it too wet to enter at some times of year.

In less than five minutes they heard the child calling lustily for help. His little bird had led him down over that bank and some distance into the swamp. When he found he could get no further he shouted for Ned (who in Bun's opinion could do anything) to come and get the prize, which had fluttered away from him into a clump of ferns. Ned was hard at work and not at all willing to leave off, but the little fellow could not bear to think of losing that bird, so Ned good-naturedly went after it.

As it turned out, it was lucky that he did so; for just as he got the fluttering creature in his hands he heard a plaintive moo, and saw through the bushes the head of the Contrary Cow, who seemed to be in trouble of some kind. Ned gave the bird to Pen, who had followed him, and went to the res-

cue of the cow. She was standing on an island of firm ground in the middle of a bog, afraid to stir a step. She had learned to be afraid of getting mired in that swamp, though she had not grown wise enough to keep out of it. Ned coaxed her to follow him from one tuft of grass to another, setting her feet just where he did, and pressing close after him to make sure of not losing sight of her rescuer. He got her out safely, and, oddly enough, this ended his troubles with the Contrary Cow; for she had been so frightened by getting trapped that way that she kept out of the swamp for the rest of the summer and seemed to like to graze about near the camp where she could keep her eye on her friends. So it was no trouble to find her at night or morning when Ned went to milk.

Bun begged so hard to be allowed to carry that little bird to Max that they let him go on condition that he would only stay five minutes. When he came back he assured them that Max had been glad to get the bird, which he said was a brown thrasher.

"He's going to keep it around the camp till it can fly all right," reported Bun. "And before it flies away he is going to take its picture and maybe write something about it. So you see it didn't bother him a bit."

All these matters delayed the building of the shack, but they got it done before dark. It was made of poles and brush, and the sloping roof was covered with some old boards which they found over by the fence.

"The rain will run off by this trench we've dug," explained the head builder, "and that roof won't leak a drop in the wettest weather because it will shed rain like a duck's back. Now as soon as we've cut fresh boughs for beds we'll have supper."

Their first camp supper was bacon fried in Una's big iron spider over that outdoor stove and flapjacks which Pen cooked on an old-fashioned griddle she had found in the attic. They had not brought much prepared food with them because the raw material was so much cheaper. Most of their small stock of money had been spent in corn meal, flour, and sugar.

Dr. Max came down to look at them while they were eating supper. He laughed to see them all sitting around on the pine needles eating bacon and flapjacks with their fingers; he said they looked very comfortable. But before he went back to his tent he had helped Ned put up a rough table out of the rest of those old boards and also some benches to sit upon at meals.

"You'll find it easier than doing your camp work with no place to put anything," he said. "I call that shack a dandy, Ned. Let me know when you want any help, youngsters."

They were so tired that they only waited till Ned had milked the Contrary Cow and Una had strained the milk into a big glass

jar she had brought on purpose before they crept into their new beds, where they were asleep in about three minutes.

They soon found that Grandfather Reed had helped them greatly by the loan of the cow. Many a morning after that their breakfast consisted only of corn meal mush eaten warm with fresh milk. Una would set the mush cooking overnight in the double boiler on that outdoor stove and leave it there with a good bank of coals underneath when she went to bed. In the morning it was all ready to serve, and getting breakfast was the work of two or three minutes—which was very convenient when any expedition was on foot.

"It's better'n boarding at the hotel at Ocean Point," Bun would declare as he received his big bowlful.

"But the meal won't last forever," Una said one day. "And the other supplies are getting low too."

"Don't you borrow trouble, Mrs. Housekeeper," advised Ned. "I've been working, off and on, for three or four days for Job Brown. You know he lives in that house you can see up beyond Max's tent, and he has nobody to help him on the farm. He's going to bring me down two bushels of potatoes for pay. They're old potatoes, of course, and all over sprouts, but just as good as ever if you rub 'em off. We shan't starve if we have potatoes enough."

"Well, I'm not worrying, but I don't want Max to find out how little we've got to eat, that's all," explained Una. "Because if he should tell it at home they might spoil all our fun by sending for us to come back to the house."

"Max won't come around to-day," put in Pen. "Don't you remember he said yesterday he was going off up in the pine woods all day to look for a chickadee's nest? It's getting so late he's dreadfully afraid of not finding one. And Bun and I want you to come with us on a voyage of discovery. Maybe you've forgotten that we took a walk by ourselves yesterday down in the swamp."

This was one fine morning about two weeks after their coming to the pasture camp. They had milked the Contrary Cow and eaten breakfast, so there was nothing to prevent their starting at once on this unknown expedition.

Pen and Bunnie were very mysterious about it. They led the way through some bushes at the south end of the swamp, then through a hollow full of ferns, and down into the bottom of a sort of glen. This glen was enclosed on three sides, but on the south it was open to the sun. The bottom of it was wet and covered with tufts of grass and moss.

"Now you look sharp," advised Pen, "and you'll see why I brought all these baskets and pails."

The ground underfoot was red with wild strawberries hiding in the green tufts. Ned declared they could easily pick enough here in a few forenoons to pay for a lot of supplies at the grocery store, where the fresh berries would be as good as money. Job Brown would market them and bring back the groceries with his team.

"And we'll save out plenty of berries to eat," cried Una. "There'll be all the cream on the morning's milk to eat with them. The folks at Ocean Point would want to come and board at the pasture camp if they knew."

(To be continued.)



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

WEST ROXBURY, MASS.,
6 Maple Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school. Our minister's name is Mr. Arnold.

There are one hundred and sixty-three pupils in my Sunday school. The stories of *The Beacon* are very interesting, and the enigmas are quite interesting also. I have a little sister seven years old. She is in the first class of Sunday school. I am in the fifth class.

My teacher's name is Mrs. Clapp. This morning we had some questions; there were about ten of them.

Your friend,

ROSALIE RAMSEYER.

FALL RIVER, MASS.,
173 Purchase Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school of Fall River, and I am very anxious to become a member of the Beacon Club. At the Sunday school they give pins for attending three months, six months, and one year. Our minister started this last September.

I receive *The Beacon* every Sunday, and I enjoy it very much, the puzzles especially.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM J. COPELAND.

SAN DIEGO, CAL.,
741 26th Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school where Rev. Mr. Bard is the minister. I get *The Beacon* every Sunday and enjoy it immensely. I would like to belong to the Beacon Club.

The San Diego Exposition is to be opened another year. It is to be much nicer than it was last year, as San Francisco is going to send some of her exhibits down here. I got a season ticket to the Exposition last month. I had one last year. I wish all the *Beacon* boys and girls might see our beautiful Exposition.

Yours truly,

KATHERINE MONTGOMERY.
(Age twelve years.)

BELFAST, ME.,
60 Cedar Street.

Dear Editor,—We are two girls twelve years old, and would like very much to belong to the Beacon Club.

We take *The Beacon* every week and like it very much, especially the enigmas.

We belong to the Junior Alliance. There are sixteen members. Mrs. Wilson, the minister's wife, is our director. We have given a fair and a play and will give another entertainment in two weeks. We have meetings once a month. We have a program after the business meeting every time.

Yours truly,

HOPE DORMAN
BARBARA MCKENNEY.

GREENFIELD, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian church on Main Street. I live with my mother, grandma, and an older sister, on Federal Street. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much, and I wish I could belong to the Beacon Club. I am nine years old and am in the sixth grade in school. I go to the Unitarian Sunday school nearly every Sunday. My Sunday school teacher's name is Miss Stevens. Our minister's name is Rev. Mr. Day.

Sincerely,

CATHERINE NOYES.



MONTREAL, CANADA,
157 St. Famille Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Sunday school of the Church of the Messiah.

Last Christmas Santa Claus came in an aeroplane to Montreal. Crowds of us went out to a big field to see him land. He got into a motor wagon and drove to one of the big stores.

May I belong to the Beacon Club?

Yours truly,

EDWARD N. EVANS.
(Age eight.)

BUFFALO, N.Y.,
731 West Delavan Avenue.

Dear Miss Buck,—I belong to the First Unitarian Church of Buffalo. Rev. Richard William Boynton is our minister, and Mr. Edward Letchworth is superintendent. My teacher's name is Mrs. Frye. I would like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Yours truly,

MARY JOHNSON.
(Ten years.)

WALTHAM, MASS.,
306 Lexington Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I like "Our Purpose" and "Our Motto" very much, and should like to have a badge.

I go to the First Parish Church in Waltham. I take *The Beacon*, and like it awfully well.

I should like to become a member of the Beacon Club.

Truly yours,

LEONA F. BLISS.

New members in Massachusetts are: Marjorie Adams, Athol; Francis Robert Greene, East Bridgewater (who sends enigmas); Ruth M. Turner, Fall River; William Frederic Zeeman, Hubbardston (who sends an enigma); Eleanor Y. Honnan, Marblehead; Newlin B. Wildes, Milton; Mary Bond, Newton Center; Frank Merwyn Forster, Pittsfield; Everett and Marjorie Hayden, West Bridgewater; Marion Tucker, West Medford.

When to Love.

Love one another from the heart fervently.

FOLKS need a lot of loving in the morning,
The day is all before, with cares beset—
The cares we know, and those that give no warning;

For love is God's own antidote for fret.

Folks need a heap of loving at the noon-time—
In the battle lull, the moment snatched from strife—

Half-way between the waking and the croon-time,

While bickering and worryment are rife.

Folks hunger so for loving at the night-time,
When wearily they take them home to rest—

At slumber-song and turning-out-the-light time—

Of all the times for loving, that's the best!

Folks want a lot of loving every minute—

The sympathy of others and their smile!
Till life's end, from the moment they begin it,
Folks need a lot of loving all the while.

STRICKLAND GILLILAN.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA LXXII.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 12, 7, 4, is a very loud noise.

My 13, 7, 12, is help.

My 14, 10, is a pronoun.

My 15, 2, 12, 13, is a drink.

My 12, 2, 8, is a boy's nickname.

My 9, 3, 13, 7, 4, is a fetter.

My 5, 6, 13, 12, is something to chew.

My 1, 2, 10, is gladness.

My 11, 8, 12, is a conjunction.

My 14, 6, 8, 9, 3, is to chew.

My whole was a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

WILLIAM J. COPELAND.

ENIGMA LXXIII.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 9, 3, is a verb.

My 11, 17, 18, 19, is a grammatical term.

My 13, 23, 6, 25, is proud.

My 4, 12, 21, 3, 8, is to bother.

My 5, 24, 20, 14, is affected by the moon.

My 2, 16, is a preposition.

My 22, 9, 15, 1, is of the feminine gender.

My 10, 21, 7, is a boy's nickname.

My whole is one of Benjamin Franklin's rules.

GERALDINE OLIVE.

A NOVEL CHARADE.

(Instead of syllables, each number represents a word. The whole is a well-known quotation.)

My first is heard in every land,

Songs and sweet sounds it brings to mind.

My second hath—I'll say no more,

To tell thee less would be unkind.

My third is what the serpent does;

With watches, too, they're often found.

My fourth is but a tiny word

That's much like figure 2 in sound.

My fifth the mother seeks to do

When baby frets and cannot rest.

My sixth quite makes me think of thee,

And this is not a senseless jest.

My seventh roams in far-off climes,—

Nothing he knows of books or art.

My eighth the ships do to the waves;

It also serves to hold my heart.

Browning's Magazine.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 31.

ENIGMA LXVIII.—National Geographic Magazine.

ENIGMA LXIX.—Woodrow Wilson.

HIDDEN GIRLS' NAMES.—1. Ida. 2. Dorothy. 3. Geraldine. 4. Bertha. 5. Mary. 6. Ava. 7. Avis. 8. Emma. 9. Grace. 10. Beth.

TWISTED BIRDS.—1. Bobolink. 2. Eagle. 3. Grackle. 4. Kingfisher. 5. Bluebird. 6. Turkey. 7. Robin. 8. Ovenbird. 9. Flicker. 10. Nuthatch.

WORD SQUARE.—R U N
U S E
N E T

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